

Truth

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Summary: Some thoughts of the Arbiter while he is on the Ark. Rated T for..violence I guess.

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These human ships are uncomfortable. The seats in this craft, which they call a pelican, are ill suited for my kind. I stand rather than bother trying to fit into a seat without banging my knees. The ship shifts under us and the landscape changes as it speeds past them. I stare down as rocks and trees pass by under us.

At one point in my life I would have been in awe of the majesty, believing this place a gift from the gods. Now things are different. Now I know this is a place of devils, a place of death. Looking back I feel so foolish for having swallowed the lies. The prophets had no ability to understand the will of the gods. They twisted and distorted the truth to keep power, to keep us in their service. As I think of it I feel sick. The prophets had shamed my race, led us down a dishonorable path. My hand clenches as the familiar blood lust rises in me. The prophet of Truth will pay for his lies.

The other passenger shifts and I look to him. Can he feel my anger in the air? Does he know that somewhere in me a part of me hates him? Hates him for all he has done to me. Does he even know? Does this demon know what pain he has caused? The death of my family, all of it, the fall of my family from the home we fought to regain. Does he know he is why I am in this prison of armor? Without ship, without name, without honor. From the way he has acted, I believe not. He treats me as any other of my kind, not as one who he has wronged.

I want to tell him, tell him how he has destroyed my life, but I can't. While a part of me hates him, the rest does not. In the end the halo's destruction was still my fault. I had been hesitant when I

first found out he was the same demon that had destroyed all my life had been spent building. I wasn't sure if I would be able to deal with it, with working with him.

While he had destroyed so much, made me what I was now, his actions had sent me down this path to salvation. I would not have found the truth, led my people to join the humans in fighting the traitorous prophets. None of that would have happened without his actions.

I feel confused, and I fear what path I will take after my revenge. My people will be left with no path to follow. Lost trying to find purpose. I look to the human again. Does he hold the way? Will he once more show me the light; will he point me down the right path? I banish those thoughts. I have no right to place that obligation on him. I will find my own path, a way to regain my people's honor.

"So," I turn to the demon as he speaks. "Arbiter is your rank. Do you have a name?"

I turn my gaze back out the rear of the ship. "Arbiter is my only name now." My voice is heavy with sorrow and regret. Resonating with the memory of what has happened and all that I had which is gone.

There is silence for a moment before the demon speaks again. "How'd you become Arbiter?"

I struggle to decide how much to tell. I decide to spare him from the truth, from the knowledge. "I failed. This is my punishment."

We fell silent again, just waiting to arrive at our target. I can feel that he has more questions, but he stays silent. I am thankful he has. I want to forget all these thoughts. I will think of them again when the Truth's blood coats my hands.

End
file.